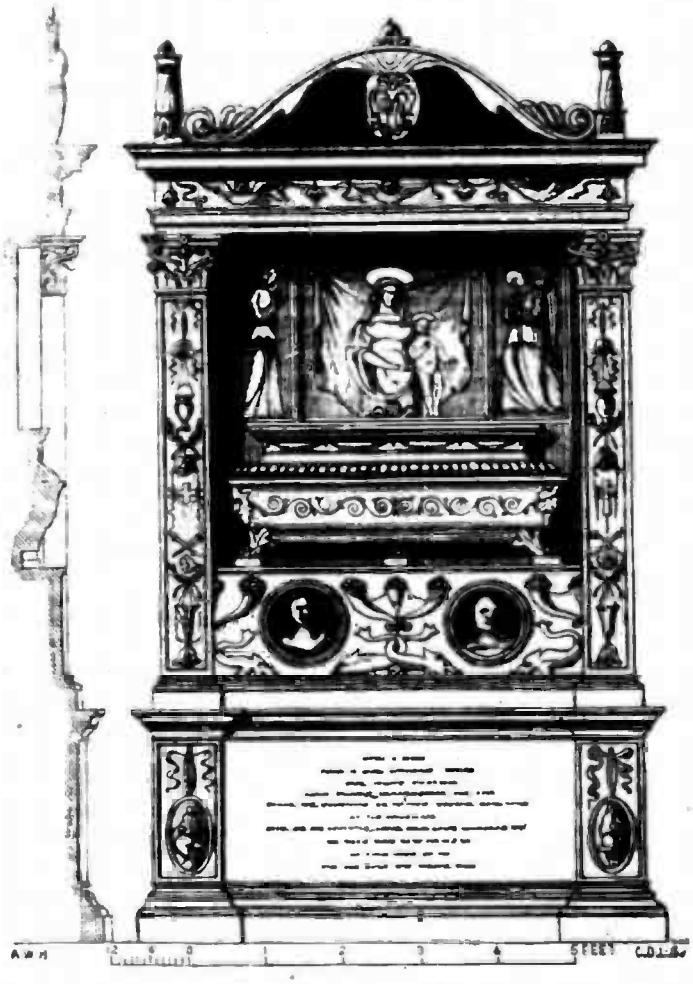
THE TOMB OF THE BONZI FAMILY, ROME.



THE TOMB OF THE BONZI FAMILY IN THE CHURCH OF SAN GREGORIO, ROME.

The tomb of the Bonzi family in the church of San Gregorio, at Rome, is a production of the "cinque-cento" period. Monuments of this description abounding in Italy, are very numerous in Florence, the capital of that portion of the world in which a love for the truly beautiful in art was first rekindled. In this work, evidently the fruit of one mind, sculpture and architecture are combined, while a painter's feeling is infused into the composition by means of the figures in low relief introduced in the back ground above the sarcophagus.

So intense was the feeling for art at its dawn in Italy, and for a long period subsequently in that country, that the triple power of painter, sculptor, and architect centred not unfrequently in one single being: nor is there an instance on record of an artist of that period excelling solely in one branch of art. In dwelling, then, upon the works of a period celebrated for the growth of art, it is well to mark the course pursued by artists whose works have given so much dignity to a particular epoch: this study may lead us to adopt salutary measures to remedy the languid state of art—of architecture particularly—in our own age and country. Amongst the various reasons which may be assigned for the unsatisfactory state of architecture in England, there is, perhaps, no one more weighty than the erroneous position of the architect himself. With us the architect's defective education isolates him from the painter and sculptor: he who professes an art which receives so much of its lustre from the united charms of painting and sculpture has no fellowship with the followers of those intellectual pursuits. With us the architect's very place of study has changed its character and its name,—there should be more of the *studio* and less of the office. An architect should be an artist, not dipping his tiny sable hair quill into pretty water colours, but in delineating the beautiful and varied forms of nature in a manner which shall entitle him to a diploma amongst the fraternity of artists: with this knowledge, and mind and reasoning powers informed and guided by the study of geometry, intellect and thought strengthened and refined by an intimacy with the Greek and Roman tongues, sound architecture will be produced. This was the path trodden by those whose works we delight to extol: the same path will lead to the same goal; but unless we pursue it, how can we expect to overtake those whom we strive to emulate; how enter the field against beings so armed, we ourselves being but half equipped? By pursuing this path architecture will recover her long-lost dignity, and present herself once more accompanied by the sister graces, painting and sculpture. Nor does it matter much what style an architect thus fortified chooses to follow; but the *orders* should not be despised. By pursuing the path so palpably traced out for us, we of this age might, with our increased advantages, present to posterity something fraught with even more lasting vitality than is possessed by those cherished relics of antiquity which have lived so long.

The Greeks of the age of Pericles, and the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are our masters; it will not suffice merely to admire their works, we must also fall in with their mode of working.

A. W. Hakewill.

St. Gabriel's Church, Pimlico.—An Act is to be applied for in the ensuing session of Parliament to authorize the erection of this church on a site belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, and the raising of a fund on the credit of its pew-rents, to defray the expense of building.

The New Street from Spitalfields to Shoreditch.—Parliament is to be applied to for an Act to continue and amend the Act of 9th and 10th Victoria, for enabling the Woods and Forests to carry out this projected improvement.

LEICESTER-SQUARE AND PUBLIC WORKS.

Notwithstanding the immense outlay which has been lavished with unsparing hand on great national edifices, and the talent displayed in many localities of London in clearing away sinks of squalor and disease to make way for open and architectural thoroughfares, the wayfarer of the town cannot fail to observe how many majestic sites are wholly neglected, how many are illustrated by structures of only ambiguous merit, and how many slums of the metropolis have been selected for the most colossal examples of modern art.

Perhaps in no city of the world is there a nobler position for a classic pile than that occupied by the great conservatory of art (or that which ought to serve such purpose), the National Gallery.

In the centre from which the most important thoroughfares radiate, here was a *locale* for illustration by native talent,—a largo in front almost equal to the Forum Romanum; an esplanade in the perspective revealing consecutive palaces; and in the distance all that is venerable within our precincts—the Westminster Cathedral: planted on an elevation suited to the highest aspirations of a Vitruvius, we find a long line of blanked parles, exhibiting certainly three noble pillared porticoes, but surmounted by domes of so '*mesquin*' a character, as to be only adapted for the belfry of a stable!

Perhaps few will find fault with the proportions of the columns, or the details of the more ornate parts of this performance; but, unfortunately for the architect, his production, however meritorious, sinks into insignificance when the range of view, passing from left to right, is arrested by one of the finest porticoes which any city can present, the classic tympanum of St. Martin's Church. I am not aware that the rampant arms of England make it the less classic, although doubtless an inept emblem for that position, in which some insignia of the Faith would be more accordant with the general character of the house of prayer. Restriction to design—restriction to space—restriction above all in outlay, may have here cramped a genius, capable of better things, within the boundaries of dictation, of bad taste, or chill penury.

It is unnecessary to particularize the one gorgeous evidence of misplaced profusion, or to refer to the example which appears a problem and puzzle, as signal as that which young academicians denominate in mathematics, "the asses' bridge." But few there are who have regarded the "instar monster," and who afterwards give thereupon an unbiassed opinion, although, albeit, filled with British pride at the unity of design, beauty of detail, and elaborateness of finish, and who say not with regret, "We must *speak of the bridge as we pass it.*"

My theme is not this, for it is an episode, short and trite, from the scene of review—a part of which is Trafalgar-square. I am aware it is the fashion to slight the fountains, which give their *intermittent* tribute to the leaky basins in the centre, merely because they are less than those of the Palais Royal, or the Place de la Concorde, but these jets (the only examples in London), are pretty,—the basins and vases in good taste,—and the whole effect at the same time animating to the scene and sedative to the mind.

It is gratifying to learn that something is to be done to remedy the main default of the National Gallery; and that an additional building is to be constructed in the rear for the merited exhibition of the Vernon bequest, and the contributions of other patriotic and high-minded individuals.

The space allocated to the Nelson testimonial is sacred, and now advances towards completion: for the rest, a suitable balustrade completes the design, save that a pedestal occupies in repose the opposite angle to that on which George IV. rides alipshod. Would not this, Mr. Editor, be a glorious position for an equestrian statue of her Most Gracious Majesty? So far, the design, though naked, would be complete. Ample space would then remain for ornamental statuary, and I can conceive no plan more worthy the authorities who are the arbiters of such matters than to dedicate this only (we cannot call it solitary) grand

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